

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE SWEETS OF TOIL.

A GREAT part of mankind consider labor a kind of evil, which is to be endured by those, whose situation has removed them far from the ease of wealth. Because of the proneness in men to leave the roughness of the field for the delicacies of refinement, the laborious are ever subjected to the insolence of pride, and it is considered to be derogating from dignity to engage in the toils of the farm, or the shop. A consideration of the contempt, which is cast upon labor, has led me to discuss this subject, and to endeavor to discharge it of that unreasonable prejudice, under which it lies, by bringing into view some of its pleasures and advantages.

I make this my theme the rather, because most writers attempt a display of genius by flattering the creatures of fortune and power, while they look down with a kind of disdain upon those, from whom these higher orders of society receive their luxuries, and very support; upon those, who form from the mine utensils for convenience and elegance, and convert the trees of the forest and the clay of the marsh into stately edifices; and those, who form cedars and rocks into fences, dividing the land into corn-fields, grass-plots, and pastures, drain the stagnant pool, and dig new channels for the rivulet to fertilize and beautify the meadow.

In the happy garden, when purity held its seat in the human breast, and innocence sported on the lawn, and carolled in the grove, no more labor was necessary than to lop the superfluous branch, and to crop the fruit of the trees. But since the fall has sown thick the seeds of death, and scattered deformity and ruin over the world, the warring of the elements is to be armed against, and the desert to be subdued by culture. Brambles and thickets must make way for the corn and the vine; briars and thorns for blooming shrubs and shady bowers. The forest, in which the tyger, with cunning wiles, besets the bewildered traveller, must be reduced to pastures, where the steed may bound, and the lamb skip upon the green tufty hillock. Amidst all these embarrassments, were it possible for man to be fixed to one spot to drowse away his life in the torpor of indolence, could he find any enjoyments to be compared with those which he receives in "eating his bread by the sweat of his face?" Adam says in the words of Milton,

With labour I must earn

My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;
My labour will sustain me.

Nothing more than the labour of the husbandman and of the artizan, has contributed to polish and socialize mankind, as it changes the rudeness of nature, and presents her, set off

with every embellishment and adorning, that can raise in the mind elevated sentiments, and refined emotions. When nothing is presented to the mind but dismal wilds, uncultivated forests, and craggy clefts, it naturally degenerates and becomes savage and ferocious. Those societies, which have progressed in civilization, are clad from the loom, and have convenient dwellings, furnished with utensils, polished by the tool, and surrounded by richly ornamented gardens and fields.

Labor contributes to health, by giving that degree of action to the body, without which all its functions cease to perform their offices.—While every nerve, without the stimulus of labor, loses its firmness, and the stagnant fluids flow slowly through the relaxed tubes, the dejected wretch becomes timorous and peevish, has no relish for the comeliest and noblest works of nature; the jest and the song give him no delight, the groves afford him no melody, the fair no charm, and the tree no blossom. If we suppose one to have all the bounties and luxuries of nature gathered ready at his hand, without labor, the cheek would cease to flush with animation, the eye to sparkle with spirit, and the sickly spectre would languish and die.

Could the scholar be induced to leave his library, and mingle in rural employments, while the vegetables are refreshed with dew, it would dispel from his mind the mist of long application, and restore his energy of thought. Would the clergyman stoop from the sacred dignity of his office, and leave his closet, he might find in the recreating pursuits of tillage, a remedy for the gloom of incubation, the irascibility of spleen, and the teasing menaces of death. The still retreat of the field, invites the man of extensive employment, to quit the bustle and tumult of business, and free his mind from the confusion of hurry. It would be in vain to exhort the epicure to forsake the fumes of wine, his fiefs and roasts, and sweat away the vapour of midnight revels at the plough.

I have ever thought that the farmer of a hundred acres with pence enough and to spare, was peculiarly favored of heaven. A stranger to the glitter and tinsel of wealth, and the wrangles of dogmatists, whom the zeal of party has raised to popularity, he sows his grain over the furrows, nurses the tender plant, and gathers his liberal crop, enjoying all the comforts of competence and peace.

Nothing can afford greater pleasure and delight than rural scenes. The husbandman, his task completed, returns home, when the smile of his partner gives cheerfulness to his neat abode, and contentment sheds her joys through the little circle. He sups upon the milky treasure of the kine, thanks the God of bounties, and retires to repose. Uncontaminated by the rust of indolence or the bane of luxury and vice, his sleep is sweet and refreshing. Soon as the morning begins to redden, he rises, and, having bowed in homage to Him, who dispels the

shades of night, goes with alacrity to his task, and breathes the fragrance of the meadow, while with his scythe he sweeps into swathes the thickset clover.

When we consider the influence of labor on the existence and welfare of society, our subject assumes a more sublime appearance, as by it, nations have arisen, by it subsist, and without it, fall. By labor cities rise, the arts produce their various treasures, and commerce spreads the canvas to every gale. By its boon the aspiring nation may arrive at opulence and grandeur, awe the ocean with its thunder, and wave the imperial sceptre over the world.

In vain should I attempt to expatiate on all the pleasures and advantages of labor. It is sufficient to say, that it adds deliciousness to the meal, softness to the pillow, and a zest to every enjoyment. Labor gives tone and energy to the body, vivacity to the mind, and an edge to all our discerning faculties.

LEANDER.

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ARABIAN LITERATURE.

(Copied from the Palladium.)

IF we contemplate the philosophy and science of the Arabians, we shall find that their age of learning continued for near five hundred years, and was coeval with the darkest centuries of Christian Europe. Their *Augustan period* took place under the auspices of the first Caliphs of the house of Abbas; beneath the munificent encouragement of ALMANSOR, MAHADI, HAROUN, ALMAMON, and their immediate successors, who, during the eighth and ninth centuries, cherished and cultivated the sciences. They invited from all parts of the world men of genius and knowledge, whose abilities, secure of meeting honor and reward, cast a splendor on the court of Bagdad, that has attracted the admiration, and gratitude of every friend to intellectual improvement. These royal lovers of literature collected, with incredible pains, the manuscripts of Grecian science, employed the most skilful interpreters in translating them into Arabic, strenuously recommended to their subjects the perusal of them, and attended in person the assemblies of the literati. They founded at Bagdad libraries of the most ample extent, containing some hundred thousands of volumes; and atoned, in some measure, to the literary world, for the ignorant fanaticism of the Caliph OMAR, whose destruction of the Alexandrian library plunged into oblivion many an author of the antient world, who had exalted his imagination with the hope of immortality. The Vizirs and Emirs of the provinces emulated the liberality and patronage of the Caliphs; and a taste for study and for science was propagated throughout the vast

extent of their empire. A college was established at Bagdad, through the munificence of a Vifir, who richly endowed it. Indigent scholars were provided with adequate stipends, and liberal salaries were granted to the professors.

Among the various branches of learning, cultivated by the Arabians, philosophy, astronomy and physic occupied their chief attention. The works of ARISTOTLE and PLATO, of EUCLID, APOLLONIUS, and PROLEMY were familiar to their schools; and the versions of them are ascribed to HONAIN, a celebrated physician, who flourished at Bagdad in the ninth century. He founded a kind of academy for translation, and the productions of his sons and disciples were published under his name. The logic and metaphysics of ARISTOTLE, mathematics and the science of Algebra, which the Arabians themselves ascribe to the Grecian DIAPHANTUS, were studied with profound attention, and the two former commented upon with great prolixity, and acuteness. With still greater success was cultivated the sublime science of Astronomy. From the reign of the ABASSIDES to that of the grandchildren of TAMERLANE, the stars, without the aid of glasses, were diligently observed; and the astronomical tables of Bagdad, Spain, and Samarcand correct some minute errors, without daring to renounce the hypothesis of PROLEMY. The science of medicine, which had almost expired in the west, was revived, and restored to its wonted lustre, by the industry of the Arabians; and in the city of Bagdad alone, eight hundred and sixty physicians were licensed to exercise their profession. The writings of HIPPOCRATES and GALEN were elaborately commented upon, and the names of MESUD and GEBER, of RAZIS and ARICENNA, have descended to posterity with the honors due to their genius and industry. Many articles, by their researches, were given to the *Materia Medica*; and botany is indebted to them for numerous additions to the herbal of DIOSCORIDES.—AL BEITHER, of Malaga, their most celebrated botanist, travelled over half the globe to enrich his favorite science. In anatomy they claim little merit, treading servilely in the steps of GALEN; their reverence for the dead arrested the progress of discovery, and confined them to the dissection of quadrupeds, which led to errors, sometimes fatal. But chemistry, as a science, may be said to have been created beneath the hands of the Arabians, and to have operated a revolution in the theory and practice of medicine. Chemical theory indeed, notwithstanding the wide range of Arabian and European learning, has not, till lately, afforded any very solid assistance to the improvement of medicine. Within these thirty years, however, such has been the rapid progress of the science, such the beautiful and singular discoveries it has produced, such a potent auxiliary has it proved to the physiologist, that combined with the doctrine of irritability, as laid down by HALLER, FANTANA, BROWN, and DARWIN, it seems capable of establishing a system, which may bid defiance to the assaults of time. The Arabians, in their pursuit of alchemy and the elixir of immortal-

ity, effected the most beneficial discoveries; the three kingdoms of nature were analysed; the distinction and affinity of alkalies ascertained, and an excellent apparatus for the purposes of chemistry invented.

The Animiades of Spain were no less attentive to the cultivation of learning. Cordova, Malaga, Almeria and Mercia gave birth to more than three hundred Arabian writers; and upwards of seventy public libraries were opened in the cities of the Andalusian kingdom. Agriculture, manufactures and commerce, were greatly encouraged; and, a few years after the Mahomedan conquest, a map of the country, with its seas, rivers and harbors, was published by command of the Caliph, with an account also of its inhabitants and cities, climate, soil, and mineral productions.

Owing to a very strong attachment to their native language and poetic diction, the Arabians disdained to study, or translate, the elegant literature of Greece or Rome; and among the various philosophic and scientific works, familiarised to the idiom of the east, not one poet or orator can be found. Poetry had been in high estimation among the Arabs, even before the era of their Prophet; and during the splendid period of the Caliphats of Bagdad and Cordova the most lavish honors were bestowed on the favorites of the Muse. Their productions, far from being loaded with bombastic expression and inflated metaphor, in general breathe the purest and chastest simplicity, both in style and sentiment; and frequently touch the heart with tender tones of genuine pathos.

Music was not less admired, nor less ardently cultivated, than poetry. But their architecture possessed neither the simplicity nor the unity of the Grecian orders, though it displayed an imposing grandeur, and an air of vast magnificence. Gigantic in its outline, while its minuter parts were delicately finished, clothed with all that gorgeous wealth could furnish, and decorated with the meretricious wonders of art, it excited admiration, though it failed to gratify a chastified taste.

Some idea of the delicacy and sweetness of Arabian poetry may be formed from the following specimens, selected from the elegant translations of professor Carlyle. The one was addressed to certain young men by Waldata, daughter of the last Caliph of Cordova, no less celebrated for the beauty of her person, than for the sweetness of her poetry. The other was satirically pronounced, almost extempore, in view of the monks of Khabbet, by Mahud.

TO CERTAIN YOUNG MEN.

When you told us our glances, soft, timid and mild,
Could occasion such wounds in the heart,
Can ye wonder that your's, so ungovern'd and wild,
Some wounds to our cheeks should impart?

The wounds on our cheeks are but transient, I own,
With a blush they appear and decay;
But those on the heart, fickle youths, ye have shown,
To be even more transient than they.

ON THE MONKS OF KHABKET.

Tenants of yon hallowed fane,
Let me your devotions share!

There unceasing raptures reign—
None are ever sober there!

Crowded gardens, festive bowers,
Ne'er shall claim a thought of mine;
You can give, in Khabbet's towers—
Purer joys and brighter wine!

Though your pallid faces prove
How you nightly vigils keep,
'Tis but that you ever love—
Flowing goblets more than sleep!

Though your eye-balls, dim and sunk,
Stream in penitential guise,
'Tis but that the wine you've drunk—
Bubbles over from your eyes!

Thus have worshippers of the Koran the merit of preserving and improving the arts and sciences, during the profound slumber of papal Europe. By them were accumulated in the courts of Bagdad and Cordova, the manuscripts of the ancients brought from every part of their own and the Greek Empire, translated and commented upon by their most learned men; and some works, now lost in the original, have been recovered in the versions of the Arabians. To them we are indebted for the creation of chemistry, for the introduction and improvement of Algebra, for many new and effective drugs, for much accurate astronomical observation, and for several works of invention, that have more or less tinged the fictions and poetry of the west.

PHILOMUSUS.

AN ORIGINAL PAPER.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

MR. ORLANDO,

In the 17th number of the Tablet, I find a chain of questions somewhat of a metaphysical nature. The author of them, and perhaps some of your readers, would be gratified with able answers, for they, indeed, "involve subjects of considerable importance." But I am poor in metaphysical science and badly able to give solutions of that description. However, if you think the subsequent remarks worthy, you will please to give them an insertion in your useful paper. S.

THE first question, "Is the moral world as invariably governed by the operation of general laws, as the physical world is?" To this, I would reply in the affirmative. This answer has rather a singular aspect, for although I presume no one will deny the affirmative to be the true answer, yet I find it not very easy to adduce clear arguments to substantiate and illustrate its correctness. If any be desirous of proof, to them I submit the following reasons for my belief.

1st. Analogy. The physical world is governed by general laws, and why not the moral? This may be received as a conclusive argument, till something to refute its evidence be advanced.

2d. A prescience of, and a calculation for future events in the moral world, may be equally accurate and certain as those in the physical. Effects may be easily traced to their causes, and causes made as sure a foundation for the expectancy of effects. I do not assert:

that this prescience and accurate calculation is equally extensive in the moral as in the physical world, but that there are instances in which they are as certain in the one as the other. It is as certain that wickedness will be committed to-morrow, as that the sun will rise and set in the course of thirty hours from the present time. It is as indubitable that the opulent, generous and benevolent man will relieve one that is dying with want, as that heat will destroy the fixidity of ice. It is as evident that the extraordinary features and expressions of female beauty will kindle emotion in the bosom of the delicately sensible admirer of the fair, as that the beams of the perpendicular sun will produce vegetation in a moist and fertile soil. In these cases we calculate with as much certainty on the known principles of mind, as we do on the known principles of matter. We are as much in the habit of referring particular actions to particular motives, as we are of assigning certain causes for certain natural phenomena.

3d. The expediency that uniform established laws should be the mode of divine operation in the moral department is wholly as great as it is in the natural. Did not a fixed connection obtain between certain antecedent and certain subsequent events, our condition in this world would be most precarious and alarming. If ends were not attainable by the use of appropriate means, we could take no promising method to gain possession of a desirable object. We could adopt no probable way to allay the tormenting ardour of thirst, or to appease the afflictive corrodings of hunger; to restore soundness to a bruised limb, or relieve the pains of a diseased body; to persuade to a virtuous life, or dissuade from the practice of wickedness; to administer consolation and succour to a friend, or throw stumbling-blocks in the way of an adversary. We could have no assurance that those, who most cordially love us to-day, would exercise the same disposition to-morrow. And unless there were fixed laws in the moral department, we could not make avail of those in the natural. The latter would be to us of no consequence; for, by the joint operation of mental and material principles, we obtain sustenance, relief and comfort.

To Mr. DISCOS T'NTAOS' third question, I think the adverb yes, may be a satisfactory answer both to himself and our readers.—To his fourth question, I would reply with similar brevity, and say no; I would qualify my reply with this remark, that it is not necessary that a person be able to make new, metaphysical distinctions, but that he know how the mind will feel and be disposed to act in the many different situations of life. To ascertain what will be the tone, what the sensations, what the views, and what the resolves of the mind, in every supposed, possible situation, may be considered the most real, and useful knowledge of human nature, obtainable by a human being. Metaphysical classification, arrangement, and distribution of mental faculties are here excluded, and Shakespeare is supposed to know as much of human nature as Father Malebranche or Des-Cartes.

(To be continued.)

FARRAGO.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The CATERER, an easy and sensible writer, will always be welcome to a conspicuous place in the Tablet.

Our friend in the District of Maine is informed that we omitted a part of his production, because the whole could not be inserted in the second volume, without neglecting compositions previously received.

We rejoice at a renewal of *senior Y.*'s literary favors. His essay breathes a spirit of benevolence, and shews the author's solicitude for the cause of truth, and the welfare of religion. It shall receive the attention it deserves.

THE PLAGUES OF A SMALL TOWN.

A lawyer with great knowledge, great sophistry, and no justice; an eminent physician, with little skill or conduct; a preacher without any conscience; a quarrelsome knight at arms; a politician without principles; and a man of letters who eternally dogmatizes.

An orator at a meeting during the troubles of the League, began a speech with premising that he should divide the subject he was about to treat of into thirteen heads. The audience were heard to murmur, and to interrupt this formidable beginning. "But," continued the orator, "to prevent my being too prolix, I shall omit a dozen of them."

AGRICULTURE.

HAVING suffered greatly by insects destroying the plants in my garden, and particularly cucumbers, and having also learned a remedy for the evil, you are requested to publish the following for the benefit of the public:

Last year I was more unfortunate than common in the loss of my cucumber plants, three successive crops having been wholly cut off.—But towards the end of June, having heard that spirits of Turpentine would preserve them, I planted seed the fourth time, as soon as the plants had begun to get forward, I procured the spirit and mixed it with about the same quantity of water, with which I lightly touched the ground round the plants; and the consequence was that neither bugs nor worms molested the vines, and my crop of cucumbers was as good as any I ever had.

AN OLD FARMER.

[*Herkimer Monitor.*]

SILENCE NOT ALWAYS A PROOF OF WISDOM.

A GENTLEMAN who had the ill fate to have a son very weak in his intellects, was continually recommending silence as the best method of hiding his imperfections. It so happened that the father took his son to an entertainment, and for want of room to sit together, they were obliged to take separate seats. After dinner, two gentlemen, opposite the son, differed in opinion upon a subject they were

discussing about, and rather than have any serious dispute, they agreed to leave it to the gentleman opposite to them—they then stated the case and desired his opinion—the son was silent—they waited a little longer, and then desired him to decide—still he kept silent—the gentleman looking steadfastly at him, exclaimed, "Why, the fellow's a fool!"—Upon which the son started up, and called out, "Father, Father, they have found me out!"

A gentleman in the country, writes to his friend in Petersburg for a STILL of certain dimensions, and thus expresses himself: "Sir I want a still maid that will work thirty-six gallants." [Virg. Argus.]

The following *Nota Bene* was actually put at the foot of a Skinner and Pelt Manufacturer's address in the country lately: "Gentlemen waited upon for their skins at their own houses."

The *Conversation Hats* "covering one ear," are for the convenience of ladies, who may chuse to lend one of their little organs to a lover, and turn the other to advice.

Force of Habit.—The old Cryer of Newburyport, has been employed almost exclusively to cry auction sales. The other day, after proclaiming the loss of a pocket-book, he involuntarily concluded, as usual, "Sale at 12 o'clock."

ORDAINED,

At Providence, R. I. on the 17th inst. Mr. Henry Edes, over the first Congregational Church in that town. The solemnities of the occasion were introduced with prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Channing; the Rev. Dr. Eliot preached from Luke, 10, 18: the Rev. Mr. Wilton offered the ordaining prayer, and the Rev. Dr. Lathrop gave the charge. The Rev. Dr. Kirkland expressed the fellowship of the churches, and the Rev. Mr. Gray made the concluding prayer. Sacred music was performed with skill and animation, and the several services appeared to engage the serious and interesting attention of a numerous audience. [Boston. Week. Mag.]

MARRIED,

At Boston, Mr. Josiah Ball, Printer, to Miss Jemima Hunt.

At Salem, Rev. Joshua Spalding, to Miss Elizabeth Bradshaw.

While man is growing, life is in decrease,
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb."

DIED,

At Washington-City, much regretted, Gen. Uriah Forrest, Clerk of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia.

At Salem, Capt. William Barr—Mrs. Sally, aged 37, wife of Mr. Thomas C. Cushing, Printer.

At Cambridge, Mrs. Mary, aged 43, the amiable consort of the Rev. Henry Ware.

At Keene, much lamented, Major George Ingersoll, aged 51.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ON SCIENCE.

TO see and "know how little can be known,"
Ere eagle time from mortal ken has flown,
How dark the plainest, brightest truths appear,
Seen thro' the mist of life's dull atmosphere,
Is taught by Science. 'Tis a ray refin'd,
That darts along the chaos of the mind;
The clouds of superstition drives away,
And to the view unfolds the bright'ning day.
Yet some by science fall, while others rise,
The fool it makes more foolish, wife more wise:
It is a crystal mirror to reflect
Those errors, which surround the intellect;
Show truth descending from her bright abode,
And guide our feet along the shining road,
When falsehood stalks abroad in fair disguise,
And her insinuating flatt'ry tries;
The eye of science penetrates her smiles,
Looks thro' the mask, and sees her hidden wiles,
E'en prejudice which o'er dark passion reigns,
And binds the sons of ignorance in chains,
Soon as fair science darts her genial ray,
Shrinks back appall'd, and shuns the rising day.

Thus prowls the beast of carnage round the
wood,
When night pervades the world, in quest of
food;
But when 'tis morning, fears the face of men,
And seeks a shelter in his rocky den.
What gives mankind above the brutes to rise?
What lifts their contemplation to the skies?
Thro' Reason, spark of Heaven's exhaustless
flame,
Bright emanation of th' Eternal Name,
Be that blest power by which, the human race
Enjoy in beings' scale so high a place,
Yet, untaught reason is a wild, unfown,
With thorns, and briars, and shrubs, and moss
o'ergrown.
She is a bark, tost by the brumal blast,
Without a pilot, on the wat'ry vast;
But when by Science guided, that bright star,
Rejoic'd, she sees the haven from afar;
The storm is calm, the swelling billows cease,
And "ocean smiles" in renovated peace.

With this sure Guardian, th' expanding mind
Ranges along creation unconfin'd;
Explores the labyrinth of nature's laws,
The veil removes, which hides the great first
cause.

But who so blind, so harden'd, to explore
The works of God, and not that God adore?
An infidel philosopher's a fool,
A blank on earth, a blot in wisdom's school;
The great I AM he sees in ev'ry flower
As in a world; yet, this mote of an hour,
This bubble swell'd, Omnipotence disdains,
Whose arm the boundless universe sustains.
True Science is with adoration fraught;
Sublimes the soul, excludes each grovelling
thought;

With pure philanthropy the mind inspires;
Dilates, exalts, ennobles, raptures, fires.

Who the bright paths of knowledge thus
pursue,
Find pleasures ever growing, ever new;

Improvement is not lost; for as we die,
So shall we live to immortality.
'Tis consonant to reason, who progress
Farthest in wisdom, virtue, happiness,
While in this mortal state, will highest rise
In wisdom, virtue, joy, beyond the skies;
For, there's a wondrous something in the
breast,
That never slumbers, never stops to rest;
Not to be stationary was it made,
Nor is its motion ever retrograde.
But O how blind to his own good! how slow
Man's rise towards perfection while below!
Retrace his actions thro' each age and clime,
Back to the distant origin of time,
O'er him what sage impartialist will raise
A mausoleum of unmingl'd praise?
How few the just! but here and there a name
That shines unfulled on the rolls of fame.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED POETRY.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY; OR,
MODERN MARRIAGE DELINEATED.

By HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.

'COME under my plaidy, the night's gau'n
to fa';
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the
snaw;
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside
me;
There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for
twa.
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside
me,
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blow;
O! come under my plaidy, and sit down be-
side me,
There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me for
twa.
'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae'
wa,
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the
snaw;
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll not sit beside ye;
Ye may be my gutcher:—auld Donald gae
'wa',
I'm gau'n to meet Johnie, he's young and he's
bonnie;
He's been at Meg's bridal, fae trig and fae
braw!
O nane dances fae lightly! fae gracefu'! fae
tightly!
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow like the
snaw!

'Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the
wa',
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back,
He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
Be frank now and kindly; I'll bask you aye
finely;
To kirk or to market they'll sew gang fae
braw;
A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca.'

'My father's ay tauld me, my mither and a',
Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me ay
braw;
It's true I loo Johnie, he's gude and he's bonie,
But waes me! ye ken he has naething ava!
I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but
fma'!
Sae gi' me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and
twa.
She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',
Whar Johnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';
'The day was appointed! his proud heart it
dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was
dreary!
And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the
snaw;
The howlet was screamin', while Johnie cried
'women
Wa'd marry auld nick if he'd keep them aye
braw'.

O the deel's in the lasses! they gang now fae
bra',
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and
twa;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a car-
riage;
Plain lave is the cauldest blast now that can
blaw!

EPIGRAM.

An epigram should be—if right,
Short, simple, pointed, keen and bright,
A lively little thing!
Like wasp with taper body—bound
By lines—not many neat and round,
All ending in a sting.

O'er my head, ev'n yet a boy,
Care has thrown an early snow,
Care, begone!—a steady joy
Sooths the heart that beats below.

Thus, though Alpine tops retain,
Endless winter's hoary wreath,
Vines, and fields, of golden grain,
Cheer the happy sons beneath.

Young Courtly takes me for a dunce,
For all night long I spoke not once;
On better grounds, I think him such,
He spoke but once, yet once too much.

BAGATELLE.

Every hour, a pleasure dies,
What is thought, but nurse to sorrow?
He, that wishes to be wise,
Lives to-day, and mocks to-morrow.

Hanover, (N. H.) JULY 31, 1805.

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